

It Is Time

The ministers of New York have agreed to combine against vice in that city, and if possible to eliminate some of the "wide open" features of the metropolis. If all reports are true, (and if they are not true it is because they fail to do the subject justice) it is high time for the Lots in that Sodom to begin to "vex their righteous souls" at what they see and hear. These ministers must be afflicted with a slight paralysis of the olfactory nerve. It is only when the iniquity of the great city smells to heaven that they begin to bestir themselves. Then we hear preachings against the overflowing godlessness, and there is a flutter of the law books, and the officials are reminded of the many unenforced statutes against manifold dens of iniquity. Where is the God who overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah? It were time that the stately palaces of some of our cities should tremble on their foundations, and that the multitudes who walk the streets should glance furtively toward every angry cloud, lest it rain fire. Rather, however, let them remember the marvelous long-suffering of God, which gives space yet for repentance, and will no more involve the innocent with the guilty, but awaits the time when the one shall be separated from the other.

Stuck to his Post

On a western train not long since the engineer was badly scalded by a bursting pipe, and altho his injuries were serious, and he was in great agony, he stuck to his post and brought the train, with all its precious human freight, safely to the station. This is the truest heroism. It is not like that of the battle field, but it is of a nobler kind, in that the saving and not the destruction of life was the present and ultimate aim. There is a great deal of heroism of this kind which gets no recognition in this world, but we like to think that God sees it all, and that he has applause and rewards in store for these beneficent heroes of humanity. "He stuck to his post," despite the scalds and burns. Many a worn pastor does the same. He is hurt by the indifference, or the thoughtlessness, of some to whom he ministers, but he sticks to his post. Old age, and the infirmities resulting from much exposure wounds his strength, but he keeps right on, until his train is safe in the station. In this he is like his Master, who did not abandon the train of the world's salvation, tho they wounded him to the death. Nor spikes nor thorns swerved him from his purpose, or made him leave his divine task. He kept right on, tho the road led by Calvary, led deep down into the abyss of death, led into hell. He did not forsake his train, but brought it thru all perils, brought it laden with precious human freight into the station of Salvation at last,

amid the shouting and triumph of all the beautiful worlds, and all the long eternities.

The Eternal Difference

A Jersey City saloon keeper recently died, and like most of his class, or all of them we should say, was as godless in belief as he was in practice. Therefore he provided in his will that his body should be burnt, and that his friends should make merry at his funeral. The hundred dollars which he left for that purpose was to be spent in providing a feast, and the guests were to drink a standing toast to his memory. So descended he into the blackness and darkness, leaving behind him a lifetime of iniquity fittingly rounded out in a ghastly scene of gross sensuality.

Compare the sniffing out of this man's pernicious life, and the sublime setting of that bright sun of evangelism, D. L. Moody, "*I see earth receding; heaven is approaching; God is calling me.*" Who would exchange such a glorious translation for that other spectacle, that sneaking out of life of the saloon keeper, who died as a fool dieth. How different may be the end to two human lives, on the one hand the opening of a black pit, an abyss of horror; on the other, "the chariots of God, and the horsemen thereof," Elijah caught up in the celestial whirlwind, Enoch whom God took, because he "walked with God."

Why He Quit

A brother from Michigan whose name we withhold writes us the following letter:

Please stop my paper. You did not do what you promised. You sent out the question, What is a Christian, and the person who sent in the most correct answer would get a book. You have failed to publish it. Therefore we do not want the paper.

Our readers will remember both the question, and also the book which we promised for the best definition of a Christian. They will also remember that all the answers to the question were published in the EVANGELIST, but thus far we have failed to announce the result. We are entirely willing to accept the responsibility of the failure with all that it involves, but we are not willing to acknowledge it a just cause for quitting the paper. On several occasions we have requested the ministers of town to act as judges in the matter, but as often have been put off. Our promise is to be made good at some time, tho it be a long time before we can do so. Probably it had been better if we had not made the announcement, but it was made in good faith, and there are times when one needs a great deal of time to make good his promises, especially so when one has double work imposed upon him.

But grant it that we have failed to carry out our plans, is our brother justified in the course he has adopted? Is that a good reason why he should discontinue his paper? Is it charitable? Is it Christlike? Has our

brother always made good his vow either to God or man? Has he never come short of any known duty? Has he fulfilled every promise made to God and to his fellowmen? Has he discharged every obligation to his Father in heaven and to humanity in general? Suppose the kind Father in heaven should say to our brother, "You have failed in your duty; you have not discharged every obligation nor have you performed all your vows; therefore I will withdraw my support, my protection, my help." What a terrible plight our brother would be in. We do not offer this in justification of our own inability to do what we meant to do, but simply to show the uncharitableness, the unreasonableness, and the unwisdom, of the course adopted by our brother. What will he do when he reaches that part of the Lord's prayer which reads, "And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who have trespassed against us?" And what becomes of the Golden Rule in the practice, the thoughts, words, and deeds, of our brother's daily life?

Why He Became a Prohibitionist

Rudyard Kipling, the distinguished author and poet, is now a prohibitionist. He has not always been such; in fact it is not very long since he was of the opinion that the saloon is in a sense a necessary institution, but when Mr. Kipling was in this country not very long ago he suddenly changed his opinion and since then is an ardent prohibitionist. It happened on this wise: While in this country he saw two young scamps get two girls drunk and then lead them down a dark street. The scene made a marvelous impression on the mind and heart of Mr. Kipling. Of the incident he wrote and published the following:

Then, recanting previous opinions, I became a prohibitionist. Better it is that a man should go without his beer in public places and content himself with swearing at the narrow majority; better it is to poison the inside with very vile temperance drinks, and to buy lager furtively at back doors, than to bring temptation to lips of young fools, such as the four I have seen. I understand now why the preachers rage against drink. I have said, 'There is no harm in it taken moderately,' and yet my own demand for beer helped directly to send those two girls reeling down the street to—God knows what end! If liquor is worth drinking, it is worth a little trouble to come at. It is not good that we should let it lie before the eyes of children, and I have been a fool in writing to the contrary.

The real blessing, mercy, satisfaction, is not in the having or the lack of merely outward things, but in the consciousness that the true source of life and happiness is deeper than all these—*Chadwick*.